Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sailes,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.
Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.
Per. You shall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
seemes you haue beene noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.
Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must relecue me:
That you aptly will suppose.
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Intet im pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sailes are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse wy selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at sea in child bed died she, but brought foorth
Ma

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy
siluer liuery, she at *Thasus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne most cleare remem-
brance, she made knowne her selfe my daughter.
Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.
Pe. What means the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.
Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.
Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with-
these very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.
Per. Tis most certaine.
Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in blustring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whe-
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recouered.
Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will
to my sence bead no licencious eare, but curb it spight of seeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.
Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.
Per. Immortall *Dian*!
Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you such a ring.
Per. This no more, you Gods, your present kindnesse makes
my past miseries sport, you shall do well that on the touching of
her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O come, be buried a
second time within these armes.
Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.
Per. Looke who kneeles heere, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy
burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine owne.

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